

## Fireball by orphan\_account

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**Summary:**

“Oh God, what have I done!” Was all Joyce could mumble quietly to herself, trying not to wake the bare man laying next to her. The previous night’s festivities were coming together in her mind like puzzle pieces to her. From Hopper coming in the door to the multiple orgasms she experienced. She was hungover, satisfied, happy, and horrified all at the same time. Damn Cider!

# 1. Cider

## Author's Note:

This is the first fanfic I've written and I'm so excited to share it with all of you Jopper lovers!

## Summary for the Chapter:

Joyce and Hopper think they're spending the evening at the Wheelers for another, "kid party," but Karren has other plans for them.

It was the night of the annual Fall Festival that Joyce, Karen, and the other moms of, "The Party," always threw the weekend after the first day of Fall. This year it was Karen's turn to host it and while Joyce was determined to help out, Karen had something else up her sleeve.

Ring ring

"Hello?" "Hi Karen, it's Joyce." "Hey Joyce!" "Hey, I just called to ask you what I'm supposed to do for the party tonight, because it's tonight and you still haven't told me what to bring!" "Oh yeah, silly me. Um, just bring your famous apple cider!" "Cider! Tonight?!" Karen, the party's a couple hours and I don't know if the store will have everything I need, plus it takes an hour to make it!" "Sorry Joyce, I thought I told you. Anyways, make the cider and I'll pick it up later." "Pick it up? Karen, why would you pick it u..." "Got to go bye!"

Joyce was more than a little frustrated, Karen was always so organized, especially when it came to party planning. Was she planning something Joyce didn't know about? Now, that would be just like Karen.

The time came and went. Joyce was able to find everything she needed for the cider, with enough time to make it, too as suspected though, Karen didn't pick it up. With Will already at the Wheeler's and Jonathan off to college, Joyce started to pack up the cider and head for the car.

## Knock knock

Joyce answered the door and who should appear but, Hopper. "Aha! I knew it!" Joyce said, in a quiet but, angry voice. "Knew what?" Hopper asked as he stood in the doorway waiting to go inside. "Oh, umm, noth...it's not important. Co...comm...come in." Joyce stuttered. "Are you ok Joyce?" Hopper asked as he stepped inside. "Me? Yeah, I'm fine, you just caught me off guard that's all. Please, sit down." Joyce said, in a soft and calm voice even though she was anything but calm. She wanted to be mad at Karen for sticking her nose in things she didn't understand but, on the other hand, she hadn't really gotten to talk to Hopper for a long time and missed him dearly. Maybe tonight could change that.

"Earth to Joyce! Are you sure you're ok?" Hopper said, with concern in his voice. "What? Oh yeah, sorry, I just have a lot on my mind. I'm fine, honest." Joyce said, as she came out of her thoughts and back to reality. "Oh yeah, I guess it's that time of year, isn't it? I've been thinking about it too but, Will and Jane seem fine so far." Hopper said as he sat back on the couch. "Uh? Oh yeah, that." Joyce said, with a sudden rush of guilt. "What? You haven't been walking with one eye behind you like I have."

Honestly, Joyce hadn't, she knew the anniversary of what had transpired the last two years was coming up and she still mourned the loss of Bob but, as Hopper said at the Snow Ball last winter... every day it gets a little easier. Now Joyce wouldn't say that she was cured the pain of the event, it was more like pushing those thoughts and feelings to the back of her mind. Some days were easier than other of course but, she was just trying to move on as best as she could.

"No I haven't, my mind's been busy with other things." "Oh? Well when I was dropping off Jane at Ted and Karen's, I asked where you were and Karen said you were having a bad day and that I should come and check on you," Hopper explained. "Of course she did." Joyce said, rolling her eyes. "What?" Hopper asked. "Oh just another one of Karen's matchmaking schemes," Joyce stated. "Oh?" Hopper said, embarrassed.

If he was being honest with himself, Hopper truly loved Joyce, ever

since junior high school. Joyce was one of the few who Hopper could open up to about his whole life. Then he had to be an ass after graduation and make something of himself with no one holding him back. Not even a year later, Hopper realized what he truly gave up when his mom called to tell him about Joyce's engagement. He was in Vietnam at the time and damn well knew that if he was able to go confess his love for Joyce that she wouldn't give him the time of day. Then the unfairness of life hit them both. In Hopper's opinion, Joyce came out stronger where he had barely survived. However, when Joyce's world crumbled from the events that had happened in the last two years, Hopper was the strong rock she relied on. With the help of Joyce and Jane, Hopper was learning how to live, laugh, and love again. He had a plan. Once Joyce was over the loss of Bob and he had made a comfortable life for him and Jane, Hopper was going to, for the lack of a better word, court Joyce. He wanted to take the relationship slow and give the romance Joyce deserved.

"So, should we get this cider to the party?" Joyce asked, in a dreading tone. In all honesty, she didn't want to go to the party, she was just going to watch over her son, all the other adults were snotty and dull, there was no one to really talk to, well except when Hopper started to bring Jane around. "Wait, you made your mom's famous cider for this?" Hopper asked, like a kid getting a surprise. "Yes I did and it's one of my best batches yet if I do say so myself," Joyce stated. "Well, I don't know about you, but Karen, Ted, and all the other adults that are usually invited to these parties are dull." Hopper continued, "I also have Steve Harington at the party and if anything unusual happens he knows what to do, so that's covered. What do you say you warm that cider back up and we enjoy ourselves?" Joyce couldn't help but smile. "Sure Hop."

Once Joyce warmed and dished out the cider, it was just like old times, Hopper and Joyce talking about everything under the sun. Old memories, their kids, work, and other stories. Hours passed and the cider had gone down considerably. "Well..." Hopper started, with a half smirk. "I bought this new whiskey so you and I could endure a night at the Wheeler's." "Unhu," Joyce said, with a laugh, curious about where Hopper was going with this. "It's called Fireball and it's made with cinnamon, supposedly good in apple cider," Hopper ended, with a playful wink. "Well, I don't know," Joyce started.

“Come on Joycie. The kids are spending the night at the Wheeler’s with plenty of adult supervision and won’t be back till afternoon,” Hopper pleaded, but Joyce still looked hesitant. “Come on Whisky Girl! I’ve never known you to turn down a drink,” Hopper said, in remembrance of their past. “Ok, hit me, Jim Daniels,” Joyce said, giving in and sliding her cup towards him. One shot in their cups turned into two until they were practically drinking the whiskey straight.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

FYI I have tried Fireball in apple cider, it was gross. However, I'm not a big fan of Fireball either so take that with a grain of salt lol.

## 2. All Bets are Off

### Summary for the Chapter:

A little drunkenness and reminiscing.

“All bets are off when Jack hits ya.” That was the saying among Hopper, Joyce, and their group of friends in high school. Whiskey was a favorite among the group and by observation when one was drunk on whiskey, they often did and said things they normally wouldn’t say. On many occasions, this often led Hopper and Joyce to the back seat of his truck, furiously making out, trying to get skin to skin contact with each other to continue the endeavor.

That was high school, this is now; Hopper and Joyce sitting around Joyce’s kitchen table, taking shots of the Fireball whiskey.. “Remember the first time we broke into my dad’s liquor cabinet?” Hopper asked, with a drunken smile as he downed a shot. “Yeah, and didn’t we steal his cigs as well?” Joyce asked, reminiscing. “Then we drove off in my beat up old truck and went to the hideout we had. You said I was taking too long so you just went ahead and took the cigs and lighter out of my pants pocket and lit one for yourself,” Hopper said, with a smile. “It was the sexiest thing I’d ever seen.” “Even sexier than Chrissy’s legs?” Joyce asked, with a laughing smile. “Much sexier,” Hopper said, in a deep voice, slowly making his way over to her. When he got to her side he whispered in her ear, while his hand rubbed her side. “I can’t believe I ever let a sexy thing like you go.” He moved his head down, gently moved her hair out of the way, and started kissing her neck. Joyce couldn’t help but let out a moan. It had been so long since she’d been touched by a man. “Hop,” she said, in a moan. “Yeah?” Hopper asked, still kissing her neck. “Hop, I, I need a minute,” Joyce said, as she tried to squirm away. “S’mthin rong?” Hopper asked, in a drunken and lust filled state, although he was truly worried. “No, I just need to use the bathroom, excuse me.”

“Breathe, in and out with me.” Hopper had always said that when Joyce was about to go into one of her panic attacks. Looking at herself in the mirror Joyce’s conscience came back. “What are you doing!? He’s drunk, you’re drunk, and this is a bad idea all the way

around. Just say you're tired, offer the couch, and go to bed." However, drunk Joyce went on. "Oh come on Joycie, have some fun, Hop is obviously ready to go, and you know he's good at it (maybe even better!)." Joyce turned on the sink and splashed some cold water on her face. What was she going to do? Be responsible or, "Ride that thick cock into oblivion!" Her drunken self interjected. "NO Joyce!" her conscience demanded. While pointing at herself in the mirror, "Okay, not tonight, definitely not tonight."

If I could save time in a bottle  
The first thing that I'd like to do  
Is to save every day  
'Til eternity passes away  
Just to spend them with you...

The song Time in a Bottle by Jim Croce was playing when Joyce came out of the bathroom. "I can't believe you kept all these albums I got you!" Hopper said, with a watery smile. "Yeah, uh, listen Hop..." Joyce started in a quiet voice that Hopper was too far away to hear. She was standing awkwardly by the hallway, trying to get up the courage to reject Hopper while he was on the opposite side of the living room by the record player. "Come over here and dance with me, Joycie!" He pleaded. Giving in, Joyce joined Hopper in slow dancing to the album Time in a Bottle: Jim Croce's Greatest Love Songs. They slow danced to most of the album. Drifting from pleasant memory to peaceful silence and back again. It was the perfect bubble neither Joyce or Hopper wanted to leave.

Seems like such a long time ago  
I was walking on a lonely road  
Getting tired of dreaming alone  
Like all the lonely people I have known...

After a verse or two of the song A Long Time Ago, Joyce and Hopper both communicated a deeper and desperate need of contact. Joyce stood on her tiptoes and Hopper stooped down to connect their lips. The kissing was slow and paced at first because of the height difference. Then Hopper hoisted her up to him, Joyce secured herself by wrapping her hands and legs around his body. With this Hopper gained more access to her perfect mouth so he could slide his tongue in and hear her beautiful moan. That motion caused Joyce's

conscience to fade, her desire swell, and a moan that went right to Hopper's cock. Now it was Hopper's turn to be the reasonable one, "Joyce, are you sure this is what you want because if it's not we should stop." "Fuck now, talk later!" Joyce demanded. "Yes, Ma'am!" All bets are off once Jack hits ya.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

For those who don't know, Jim Croce was a singer/songwriter of the 60s and 70s. I picked his songs because in 2x03: The Pollywog, Jim plays the song You Don't Mess Around With Jim by Jim Croce.

By the way, it's getting interesting now folks ;)

### 3. Pinch Me

#### Summary for the Chapter:

A rundown on the couch. ;)

“Is this really happening, am I actually making out with the sexiest woman alive? Someone pinch me.” Hopper had to ask himself this question many times while furiously kissing and licking every inch of Joyce’s face and neck. Her legs and arms were still tightly wrapped around him with no intention of letting go, but they both needed more, they needed to be skin to skin. “Should we move this to the bedroom?” Joyce asked, in between kisses. “Mmm...” is all Hopper replied, as he started to carry Joyce to her bedroom.

THUMP

“Shit shit shit!”

“Ahh...Hopper!”

While making the journey to Joyce’s room, Hopper’s left knee knocked into the armrest of the couch, sending both Joyce and Hopper deep into the cushions. “Shit sorry, you ok?” Hopper asked while trying to get off the couch. All Joyce could do was laugh. They could never catch a break. “I’m good, Hop.” “Okay so yo...” Hopper started, but when Joyce started unbuttoning her top all he could do was watch in silence. Now, usually Joyce would have a problem with something this taboo happening on her couch, but her mind was way past thinking at this point.

When her top was gone, revealing her milky white skin, Hopper stood breathless wondering where all the air went. After a couple seconds, that felt like minutes, passed she twitched awkwardly under his gaze. “Earth to Hopper!” Joyce shouted. He then remembered to breath “What, oh sorry Joyce, you’re just so damn beautiful an...” A little irritated she interrupted, “Yeah, yeah, fuck now, talk later!”

Her inner animal came out and in one maneuver, she managed to make Hopper sit on the couch while straddling his lap. He was shocked and impressed with her, but that wasn’t enough for Joyce. She started grinding denim against denim while undoing his shirt and

kissing his lips, neck and uncovered chest. Her ministrations finally got him going again. "Here darlin', allow me." He lifted Joyce off his lap and on the couch again. Kissing her lips, he released her breasts from there white cotton prison. He massaged, kissed, and sucked each one generously. This made Joyce's already wet center heat up with anticipation. She had to do something, so she grabbed at the sausage that was in Hopper's pants. "Patience, Joycie," Hopper said, with a smirk. Joyce made some kind of impatient moan in reply.

When he was done with her perky plump breasts, Hopper kissed down her stomach to her navel and started working at her jeans. He didn't mean to, but he got her jeans and underwear off in one fell swoop. This made Joyce's sex-filled mind suddenly remember her untamed legs and crotch and she crossed her legs in embarrassment. "What's the matter?" Hopper asked. "Oh, well I wasn't expecting company anytime soon so I haven't tamed the beast down there," Joyce regrettingly explained. Hopper couldn't help but laugh, but then he grew serious. "Joyce, that is one of the most ridiculous things I've heard come out of your mouth. You never need to tame the beast for me or any man unless we are willing to tame ours, you hear!" "Yes, Hop." Joyce smiled while uncrossing her legs. "In fact, it's like a scavenger hunt, you have to work to get the prize," Hopper said, with a wink. "Well, then why don't you come down here and find yours," Joyce said, in her most sexiest voice. She spread her legs as wide as she could.

Right then and there all Hopper wanted to do was devour her pussy over and over again. However, he learned a long time ago, the more you tease a woman, the better the orgasm, and Joyce deserved an out of this world orgasm. He started kissing and nibbling at her feet and slowly worked up to her center, when he got there he brushed his nose on her clit, blew on her opening, then started on her other leg. "Hoperrrr!" Joyce moaned, in frustration. He could only look at her and smirk in reply as he continued teasing her. As he got closer to her wetness, all Joyce could do was shiver in excitement. Just as he got to her crotch, he stopped and went in for a kiss on her lips. Joyce was a little frustrated but liked the attention. She'd never had a sexual encounter like this. When he finally, FINALLY, got his warm mouth on her wanting center, Hopper and Joyce couldn't help but moan at the same time. The contact was so powerful, she didn't know

how long she would last. As if he could read her mind, Hopper knew all the right things to do and places to go. "Hop, Hop, Hopper, Hopper!" Joyce's orgasm was coming on quick and with every sound and move she made, his cock hardened. "Oh My God, right there, Ohhh, riiighhht there! Oh God Hop!" He couldn't help but smile as he helped Joyce ride out her orgasm.

Afterwards, all she could do was smile breathlessly on the couch. Never in a million years would she have dreamed of someone going down on her like that. She was satisfied and content on just staying right there. "Mmmm, tha, that, wa, was amazing." Hopper got up off his knees looking at the biggest smile Joyce had in years. He loved knowing that he was the reason. All he could do was smile back at her naked figure on the couch. They were both silent and smiling at each other in disbelief, but the longer Hopper stared at Joyce's beauty the more Hopper's pants became noticeably tight. "Hop, take me to bed," Joyce said, looking at Hopper's bulge. With that, he swooped her naked form off the couch and carried her to her bedroom like a groom carrying his new bride.

When they got to the room they didn't waste any time. Joyce got the rest of Hopper's clothes off, then she sprawled out on her bed, waiting for Hopper to enter her. "Oh wait condom?" Hopper asked. "Oh, umm, that's not an issue," Joyce replied, breathlessly. "Are you sure?" Hopper did have sex on the brain, but he didn't want to jeopardize their impending relationship. "Yes, Hop, please just fuck me!" Joyce's conscience was way out the window, but she was telling the truth, as far as she knew. "Ok darling," Hopper said, with a smirk. As he entered her, Joyce couldn't help but scream out in pleasure. She was so tight, but that only added to both of their enjoyment. Neither had been with anyone in a while. Soon, they were coming at the same time. "Ohhh Goddd Hoppp! I'mmm Gonnna!" "Me to baby, me to, come on, come for me baby!"

Both Hopper and Joyce were trying to catch their breath as they laid on the bed. "Pinch me," Hopper said, quietly. "JESUS!" "What? You said pinch me," Joyce said, with a smirk. "I didn't mean literally, Joyce!" "Oh? Then how did you mean it?" Here it was, another opportunity for Hopper to tell Joyce how he felt about her. Should he take it? Would he take it?

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

Ladies, hair down there is ok, none of my bfs have complained.

## 4. I Love You Whiskey Girl

### Summary for the Chapter:

Naked, happy, and scared, the two most fucked up people in Hawkins laid on Joyce's bed. The sex was great. It was quick but great. No, scratch that, it was amazing, and left them both wanting more. However now came the tricky part, navigating what to do once they left the bed.

"Pinch me...JESUS!" "What? You said pinch me," Joyce said, with a smirk. "I didn't mean literally, Joyce!" "Oh? Then how did you mean it?" Hopper didn't know what to say to her, he knew how he felt about her, but since high school he'd given himself many reasons not to express his feelings to her. However, most of those moments took place in high school, when Hopper was too worried about being James Dean than his feeling for Joyce. Then, when he came back to Hawkins, he was half dead and working on killing the rest of himself. He was in no position to be talking to Joyce at all. But now, he's sober and trying to be the best father, chief, and friend he can be.

"How did you mean it Hopper?" Joyce asked again. "Oh noth, well, ahhh, nevermind!" "Oh ok," Joyce said, with a sad sigh. She knew Hopper and her were a bad idea, but she didn't care anymore. He was so caring to her, her boys, and now Jane. He was still Hopper, but a more grown-up version and Joyce couldn't help but swoon over that fact. After a while, Joyce got up to go use the bathroom. Once she came back she found Hopper sitting up in her bed with his face in his hands. "What's wrong Hopper?" "Everything!" "Wha," "Joyce I'm tired, tired of running and hiding from you, us," "What d," "Please let me get this off my chest because I don't know when I'll get the courage again, if ever." Hopper was going for it. "Joyce I know I haven't told you before, but I love you, I've always loved you, ever since the first time we stole liquor from my dad's cabinet. It's been fine pretending, but I just can't anymore, Jane and you have taught me how to love and feel again. I'm done messing around and waiting for the right moment to tell you. I love you Joyce!" There was dead silence. Joyce was shocked, she didn't know what to say or do. No

one, besides her boys, had ever told her that they loved her like this before.

After what seemed like hours, he added, "Joyce, come on, you gotta say something" "Iloveyou!" Joyce interrupted. he was nervous. They had never crossed this line before. They had been in an on and off relationship before but that was mostly sex, booze, and smoking. "You do!?" Hopper asked, with a watery smile. "Yes, Hopper I do." Hopper was on her in no time, intimately kissing her and pulling her into his lap. The mix of the love confession, Joyce being naked, and her intoxicating scent was too strong and awoke the sleeping lion in its den. "Mmm...look who's up," Joyce said in between kisses, the lioness was awake too, and started grinding her slickness against his hardening dick.

No more words were spoken, only grunts and moans filled the air around them as Joyce sat on Hopper's erection. The sex lasted a little bit longer than the first time. Joyce was able to get off once before they came together. "God, I love you so much, Joyce," Hopper said after he caught his breath. All Joyce could do was moan in contentment. She was so happy and so sleepy. With that, Hopper laid behind her on the bed, pulled the covers over them, and lightly spooned her. All seemed right with the world.

A couple of hours later Hopper woke up. It was only two in the morning, but his addicted mind needed a smoke. He snuck out underneath the covers, slipped on his boxers and jeans, with no intent on zipping them, and went to the kitchen for a smoke. For the first time in a while, Hopper could say he was genuinely happy. Hopper tried to be quite with every move he took, but his efforts were no match for the light sleeper that Joyce was. Soon she followed in Hopper's footsteps. She through on his flannel shirt and padded out to the kitchen for a smoke. "Mind if I join you?" Joyce asked, from the hallway. Hopper was speechless as he turned around in his seat to look at the woman behind him. Joyce Byers, in his shirt and nothing else, with her hair in disarray and love bites all over her smooth, milky skin. "Sure," was all Hopper could mutter out. She looked and smelled like sex and whiskey, it was intoxicating. "Are you just going to stare at me the rest of the night or are you going to hand me a cigarette?" Joyce asked, with a laugh as she sat down. "Oh

yeah, here,” Hopper said, as he took out his cig and handed it to Joyce, not breaking his gaze from her. “Stop staring at me,” she pleaded as she took a drag. “What. I like the view.” All Joyce could do was scoff and smile a bit. She wasn’t use to that kind of attention, but a girl could get use to it.

Time was lost on Hopper and Joyce as they sat around her kitchen table sharing cigarettes and smiles. Joyce was the first one to break the silence., ”Aha! There it is!” Her eyes were darting around the room looking for the bottle of Jack she’s kept hidden for God knows how long. “Found it,” she remarked, as she retrieved the bottle and showed it to Hopper. “I love you, Whiskey Girl,” Hopper said, with a laugh. As Joyce got the shot glasses from earlier, he added, “Don’t bother with those baby, just bring the bottle, and sit next to me.” Joyce obeyed as Hopper pulled her chair right beside him. She gave the bottle to Hopper and the two started taking pulls and passing it until their lips found each other again.

## 5. Again

### Summary for the Chapter:

More smut and now how do Hopper and Joyce soberly deal with their feelings?

Taking sips of an almost full bottle of Jack, Hopper and Joyce quickly remembered how smooth the dark liquid went down. He was impressed with how well she could handle her liquor, without drinking as much as she used to when they were young. She was truly his, Whiskey Girl, again and hopefully forever. “You’re staring again,” Joyce said, as she took another drink from the half-empty bottle. Hopper muffled a laugh in reply and donned a mischievous grin as Joyce handed him the bottle. He guided her hand to set it on the table, pulled her onto his lap, and kissed the top of her head and down to her neck. All Joyce could do was moan and grinned on Hopper’s growing erection in his boxers. His kisses felt and tasted like whiskey, he was her Jim Daniels, again.

Once Hopper sucked on her neck for a while something came over Joyce. She moved off his lap. “What the!?” Hopper said in protest, but when Joyce kissed him hard on the lips and started a path of kisses down he got the idea. “Oh baby, you don’t have to do that, I’m happy just making you scream,” Hopper said, with a laugh. “You did this for me, I wanna return the favor,” she said, with a wink, while rubbing her hand along his clothed length. With that, Hopper leaned his head back and helped Joyce pull down his jeans and boxers. In all honesty, Hopper liked eating a woman out more than getting a blow job from one. From the woman who have taken him in their mouth, only one or two had been good. Joyce was different than all his other conquests though if she was willing to go down on him, he was going to let her and enjoy the ride.

After she discarded his jeans and boxers, she received the bottle of Jack off the table, took a swig, and got on her knees. Hopper was dry mouthed during the whole maneuver. Where did Joyce find such confi...Once Joyce’s sexy little whiskey mouth was on his member, Hopper’s mind went blank. he knew all the places to go, how much spit, and pressure. He could have exploded in her mouth right there

and then, but his pride trumped his pleasure. Without saying anything, he got Joyce's mouth off his throbbing cock and back onto her bed in an instant.

"You're amazing darlin!" he said, with a moan as he entered her. He knew it wouldn't be long until his release came, but he wanted his Whiskey Girl. He wanted her to wither on the bed and scream out his name again. Besides pounding her pussy into oblivion, Hopper made his fingers work their magic on her clit and whisper all the dirty thoughts he had in Joyce's ear. This wasn't enough for them, though. They needed to be closer to each other and they both knew it. Still moving in and out of her, Hopper leaned in and kissed Joyce hard before she wrapped her arms and legs around his body. Hopper lifted her up off the bed, backed up to the nearest wall and continued their lovemaking. Grunts and skin slapping on skin was all that could be heard until, "Oh god, ri...right there!" Joyce said, with a moan. "You gonna come for me, baby?" Hopper asked while pleasuring her clit. "Yeah, Yeah, Ohhh...Yeah!" "Come for me Whiskey Girl!" "Don't Stop, Don't Stop!" "I'm there too, just let go, baby!" With moans and grunts, they both came together and just stayed in their current position as long as possible. They physically couldn't hold onto each other for long. Hopper slowly carried Joyce to the bed, kissed her, and they both got into a sleeping position. With another kiss, "I love you Joyce May Horowitz, my Whiskey Girl," Hopper said, as sleep both overtook them. After that Hopper and Joyce woke up twice to wither around on the bed until they both fell into a deeper slumber.

The time was now 9am and Joyce was wide awake in horror remembering the night before. She needed to talk to Hopper about what last night meant, now that they were both in a sober state. However, as she looked at his sleeping body, she couldn't wake him. He looked happy and at peace. "Stop staring at me," a sleepy Hopper said. "What, I like the view," Joyce replied, with a laugh, remembering what Hopper told her the night before. Silence spread across the room as he tried his best to wake up. "So last night was fu" Hopper stated, but when he observed Joyce's face he quickly grew worried. "What's wrong?" All she could do was chew on her nails. Her anxiety was on high now that she and Hopper had to soberly deal with their feelings. "Come on Joyce. Tell me what's bothering you, please," Hopper pleaded, as he went in for a kiss. Joyce quickly

pulled away before he could make contact. “Do you love me, like really love me?” Joyce asked, still chewing her nails and averting her eyes away from Hopper. The question took Hopper by surprise. How could she ask such a question after everything they’ve been through, especially after last night? Once the shock wore off, Hopper took Joyce’s face in his hands, but she still wouldn’t look at him. “Of cor...hey look at me, look at me!” She finally made eye contact. “Joyce I have and will always love you more than life itself. I know I had a lot to drink last night, but every word I said to you was true! I love you Joyce May Horowitz, my Whiskey Girl.” Hopper’s love confession was so raw and pure, they both couldn’t help but shed a tear or two. “I love you too, Jim Anthony Hopper!” Joyce said, with a sigh of relief. With that Hopper gave her the most passionate kiss they ever shared. They made love again, slower and more passionate than ever before. Joyce was able to come twice before Hopper finished.

After they both caught their breath, they dressed, cleaned up the house, made and ate breakfast, and talked about them. They agreed to try to keep their relationship quiet for a while, just in case it didn’t work out, and set their first date for the next Saturday since they both got off early that day. Once everything was discussed, Hopper and Joyce finished their food, shared a sorrowful goodbye all the way to Hopper’s truck, and Joyce watched Hopper drive off. For the first time, in a long time, they were together and happy.

### **Author’s Note:**

Did you enjoy it? Feedback is appreciated if you have any.